it happened that everybody, except Bobby, was very fond of her. But Robert was a bad boy, whom nobody liked. The ladies would walk around another street if they eaw him in the distance, little children would cry for their parents if he approached

them, and the boys who were bigger than he would not allow him to play with them, because he was such a very bad boy. It was said by his mother even, that Robert would lay awake on his bed all night thinking about some new trick or some fresh mischief which he intended to perpetrate upon the people of the neighborhood the next day. Now, of all the children, Robert knew there was not one whom he disliked so much as little Alberta. He hated her for her very goodness. Whenever his mother caught him doing something bad-and she caught him pretty often-then she would say: "Why don't you take an example by little Alberta? Look what a good child she is!" Robert had heard that advice so often that he had made up his mind a good many times Alberta should be killed, no matter what the consequences might be. But very fortunately for the little mite no opportuni-ty had yet presented itself to the bad Rob-ert, and Alberta grew up a very fine girl, more and more beloved by all who knew

However the boy had not forotten his anger and he had sworn to get even with her for her goodness, no matter how long it would take him. At last his day came around. Alberta sat out on the veranda one afternoon busily employed making a new dress for her doll, and she had her mind so thoroughly fixed upon the little frock that she never looked up to see what was going on around her. Here Robert had espied her, and he at once realized that now or never would be his opportunity." His plan of action had long been ready in his mind, and he immediately proceeded toward its execution. Some time ago he had bought a very large firecracker and he had made up his mind to blow the little girl up and kill her in that manner. When he noticed her sitting quietly on the porch he noticed her sitting quietly on the porch he took his firecracker and walking quietly behind her he put the deadly missile under her chair. Then he took a match, lighted it and applied it to the tuse. Of course he quickly jumped away behind a tree to watch the cracker go off, but it didn't. So he lit another match, because he thought the fuse had not caught the first time. But as soon as he came near enough with his as soon as he came near enough with his finger, behold! the cracker exploded and-Alberta and also Robert, went both up into



Robby Lights the Cracker. of the shock carried the two children miles and miles away, until at last they alighted on a beautiful it land in the middle of the But, wonderful as it may seem, neither the ground she looked around in great astonishment, and when she observed Robert not far from her, she said:

t far from her, she said:
"Bobby, where are we and how did we
there?" But the bad boy was so mad that his plan had taken such an unforseen ending that he would not say a word to the girl. So she asked him again and ngain, but Robert was as stubborn as before, and in his anger be went away from her, and he ran deeper and deeper into the island, leaving Alberta to take care of herself as best she might.

The poor little lady very soon became

awfully frightened in her loneliness, and when she began to think of her mother and father at home and how they would be looking for her, then the tears began to gather in her eyes, and they rolled down her the cheeks like pearls.

The island on which Alberta now was,

was a very beautiful place. Trees and flowers, grass and fruit, abounded everywhere, and had it not been that the coor quite happy. But she was always thinking of home and friends, and her grief seemed to have no end. After the bad Bobby had left her, Alberta got up from the ground, too. She started to walk deeper into the island, hoping that she might find some human being or a house where she might rest for the night. She also hoped to find out where she was and how to get back

again to her home. She walked and walked for miles and miles. The sun had already disappeared below the horizon; the evening came and with it a deep darkness settled over the Alberta was now walking through a wood and her heart began to best very loudly with fear and anguish.
"It I could find a place of rest for this night," she said; "I am so tired and so very hungry. Oh! my dear mother and my dear father, I wish I were at home with

for a long time, but at last help seemed to be near. As she followed her road through the wood she suddenly noticed a small light in the distance. Thinking somebody lived there the little girl hurried her steps as fast as she could. At last she arrived at a little stone house. Alberta went up to the window and looking through the resust of she went out to the window and looking through the resust of she arrived at its lived there the little girl hurried her steps as fast as she could. At last she arrived at a little stone house. Alberta went up to the window and looking through the pane of glass she noticed a tiny little lady in the room. She was a tunny looking creature. Only about a foot and a half high, the woman looking nevertheless as old as the oldest woman you ever saw. Her face was all shriveled up with age. She did not seem to have any teeth in her mouth and her nose was so long that it nearly touched her chin. The old lady was evidently not a very good walker, because as she moved along through the room she had always a big stick in her hand which

she used as a crutch. Alberta was for a moment afraid and she hesitated to make herself heard, but upon looking around into the little room once more she noticed bad Bobby sitting in one corner. This reassured her and she tapped lightly at the window.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" was the answer Alberta heard at once after she had koocked at the window. "Come in, I have waited for you quite awhile."

"Then the door was pushed open, the little old lady came out, and, taking the girl by the hand, she led her into the room. When she had brought Alberta under the giare of the lamplight and looked at her all over she turned around to Bobby.

"Do you see the red eyes, you nasty boy," she said to him; "do you notice that the poor thing has been crying nearly her eyes out, because she is away from home. What had the child ever done to you that you should want to kill her? But wait, you will get your reward. You never expected that the cracker might blow you up as well as her, did you? You dug a grave for others as her, did you? You dug a grave for others and buried yourself in it. That is right, and how it should be. Now mind you, we will teach you how to behave yourself in the future.

Bobby never said a word, but he did not look arraid of the old lady: in fact, he seemed to be quite defiant in his manner. Soon after she told him to go to bed, and showing him into a smaller room at the rear of the house, Bobby was sent in there and the door locked behind him.

The next morning Alberta got up as soon as



Alberta Finds the Home of the Fairy. the sun rose over the trees, and she at once began to work around the place. She swept the room, cleaned the windows, lit the fire, and then she cooked the breakfast. When all was done the little del lady came 'skipping into the room, and she expressed herself very much delighted with all the little girl had done.

"Now call the bad boy, Bobby!" said the old woman to Alberta, and when the little girl opened the door what should come out of the place but a canary bird.

"There is our Bobby, with wings and all," the old lady said. "Now we will see what he can do. Come here, if you please, birdle." The canary obeyed at once, and the old lady picked him up from the floor.

"If you are a good bird we may change our mind and forgive you for all you have done," she said. "But there, fly around until we see."

When Alberta noticed the canary bird, and she heard that it was bobby, she felt sorry for him.

"Do forgive him and make him a boy again."

him.
"Do forgive him and make him a boy again,"
she begged. "Maybe he will improve and be a good boy."
"No! I will not. I will put him in a cage for a year and see what I can do with him." But before the woman could get hold of Bobby, the canary bird, the latter had flown out of the window and he was not heard or seen any

window and he was not heard of seen any more.

Alberta, however, made betself very useful to the lady of the little stone house, and the two got along very well together. They stayed in the little house in this manner for a whole year, and during that time Albertahad become year, and during that time Alberta had become a very beautiful young lady. But during all the time she often wished that she might return again to her father and mother, and often and oiten she had begged the old lady to let her go. So one day, it was just 12 mouths after the night when Alberta arrived on the island, she begged the old lady again to let her return home to her parents.

"All right!" the little woman said. "You shall go; but first take this shawl and go with it to the brook and wash it as clean as you can."

to the brook and wash it as clean as you can."

Alberta did as she was told, and when she had washed the shawl and made it look as white as snow she returned to the little house, but, behold, there was nothing there but a bare place. The house had disappeared from the earth, but the little lady stood there.

"Now, put the shawl around you and then lift me on your arm," she said to Alberta, and no sooner had she done so than she felt herself little off the ground and carried through the air. They did not fly very long when Alberta felt she was touching the ground and everybody she had known long age, still alive, and when they saw Alberta everybody was pleased, because they had missed her so very much.

The little old lady stayed with Alberta, and she did her a great deal of good. Whatever Alberta wanted to do it was done by the little old lady, and everybody she was too by the ittle old lady, and everybody she was too by the ittle old lady, and everybody she what she was a fairy, because nobody else could have done what she did. If Alberta wanted a new dress for herself or doll the fairy would get it for her, and whatever she gave it was all so beautiful and costly that everybody felt sure it must come from fairyland, because such things could not be bought on this earth.

However, with all the fortune which had befallen Alberta for her goodness and kindness, still she was not entirely happy. Sometimes she would think about the had boy Bobby, and she wished that he would come home again.
"Of course he was a bad boy," she would say to the fairy, "but think of his mother. I am sure she would like to have him back again. He is her son, you know."

Thus she persuaded the fairy at last, and the little old lady, after she had disappeared once for two days, came back with a canary bird in a golden carg.

"Here is Robert," she said to Alberta. "Now if he will promise to be a good boy in the future we will let him off and change his form again. Please speak to him."

Then Alberta asked Robert whether he wished to mend h

A KINGFISHER DROWNS A SNIPE.

Two Old Enemies Meet Near the Passaic and the Weaker Succumbs. Kingfishers are rather common along the Ringishers are rather common along the wooded banks of the Passaic river from the outskirts of Newark to the bridge at Avondale. The better kinds of fish have forsaken the lower waters of the Passaic or have been poisoned by them long ago, but plenty of eels, roach, sunfish, and "killies" remain, and the kingfishers fare sumptuously every day. They are aggressive birds, and even the hawk does not care to risk a battle with one of them. Snipe, too, though very scarce now, occasionally fit up the river. The kingfisher has an incorrigible hatred of the snipe, and the snipe's aversion to the kingfisher is equally pronounced.

On Wednesday afternoon some young men who were bathing in the Passaic, opposite the upper part of Belleville, saw a snipe winging its way up the river. It was not in a hurry, and it was taking the usual zigzag course familiar to every sportsman. While the lathers were watching the snipe a kingfisher darted swiftly from a mossy bank close by, and started in pursuit of the snipe. The snipe did not see its enemy, and the first intimation it had of his presence was a violent blow on the back. The bird fell, with a shrill, piping cry, into the water.

The snipe is not a swimmer. Most dictioncooled banks of the Passaic river from the

HOW A DUDE DRESSES E. Berry Wall Gives His Fellow Man

DRESSING LIKE A GENTLEMAN Some Ridiculous Imitations of English

a Few Pointers On

Fashions. AMERICAN TAILORS AS GOOD AS ANY

PROPERSPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. NEW YORK, July 12 .- To dress well may ot be the chief end of man, but the charac ter of his attire certainly has a great influence on his fate in life. I never could understand why anyone should despise dress. That certainly is an affectation. If I am wrong in that statement, then surely the unclad savage is right. If I were to limit my personal adornment to a breech-clout I would be escorted to either a police station or a mad house. Well, then, doesn't it stand to reason that if to dress is good, to dress well is better, and to dress properly is best? Men may say what they please, and laugh at what they please, and sneer at what they please in this matter, but the man who does not aim at perfection in dress, ac cording to his understanding of it, is a rare exception and not the rule. Of course a man's views in this particular vary accord-

ing to his position in life and the education of his surroundings. Buffalo Bill is one of the best-dressed men I ever saw, vet, when he walks along Broadway, all stare and some laugh at his wide-brimmed hat and the long, curling hair be-neath. Yet he has reached perfection in dress, according to the manner of the people he has longest been associated with, but for a New Yorker to wear such an attire would be as ridiculous and as censurable as for a hod-carrier to mount his ladder dressed in a swallow-tailed coat.

PERFECTION IN DRESS. If to aim at perfection in dress is right for woman and wrong for man, then the hid-eous garb of the Quaker must be commend-able, and we should accept it. Yet, show-ing which way man's thoughts naturally tend, I have met members of that dressscorning sect who were extremely solicitous with their tailor that their coats should be of the finest broadcloth and of the true shad-bellied cut, and who would not wear a hat a fraction of an inch less or larger in its rim than is required by the perfection of

broad-brim patterns.

Horace Greeley wore a shockingly bad white hat, and no one jeefed at it, because he was a distinguished man, and that hat became distinctively a part of his attire. That was the Greeley perfection in dress. It applied to him alone. To a certain extent it was an affectation. But if you or I were one like it we would be hooted at, and desergedly so. ervedly so.
I don't imagine that I am better qualified

than another to declare what constitutes per-fection in dress, but I think that, among entlemen, there will be no dissent from the roposition that

THE BEST ATTIRED MAN is he who dresses with quiet elegance and whose apparel does not instantly catch the eye by some glaring detail. Right here I wish to say a few words upon a subject which I don't clearly understand, and that is what is meant by the much-used word "dude."

I don't know how it arose and it is so variwhat is meant by the much-used word "dude." I don't know how it arose, and it is so variously used that I am at an utter loss to comprehend its meaning. So far as my observation goes, it appears to be most generally applied to very young men, who wear very small hats and very large and very loud clothing, and who are never without canes as thick as themselves. This class of youths are without exception the worst dressed persons who disigure Broadway. The laughable negro swell of Sixth avenue is far better dressed than these, because he simply gives vent to his hereditary barbaric desire for flashing colors, and according to the views of his people he and according to the views of his people he has really reached perfection in dress.

But the Broadway youths to whom I have referred—and who are chiefly clerks in the large retail drygoods shops—are only servile imitators, and they don't even imitate what they attempt to. They seek to pattern after the latest Eoglish styles, but they are blissfully ignorant of the fact that the lond dress which they mimic is not worn by the English gentlemen, and only by the English cockney.

IMBECILE IMITATORS. If we wish to borrow any excellence possessed by our neighbor we should do it intelligently and use it intelligently. But I do not blame the ignorance of the deluded cockney-imitators so much when I see both coachman and footman atop some of the most stylish car-

and footman atop some of the most stylish carringes on Fifth avenue wearing cockades at
one side of their hats. The custom is borrowed
from London, but how laughable it must seem
to the Englishman wno knows that the cockade is only worn in England by the servants of
noblemen who hold positions in either the army
or the navy.

Equally ridiculous was our our young men
taking up a few years ago the Eoglish fashion
of not wearing gloves in a ballroom. As everyone knows, I suppose, the custom had its origin
in the fact that the Prince of Wales upon one
occasion when attending a public reception, in the fact that the Prince of Wales upon one occasion when attending a public reception, through an oversight, brought no gloves with him. The gentlemen in attendance upon him, with what was certainly thoughtful courtesy to their prospective King, removed their gloves. Others imitated the example. Thus a new fashion had its birth—but it was an unthinking and unmeaning imitation which introduced what is really a boorish custom among the young men of this country. It was long a matter of surprise to me that the fashionable women of America did not assemble in mass meeting and indignantly vow not to whirl in the waitz with any man who would place a hot, uncovered hand upon the delicate labric of an evening costume. I am glad to see that there has at last been a revolution in this matter, and that now men who observe the best form glove their hands at balls and receptions.

CHEAP ENGLISH TAILORS.

CHEAP ENGLISH TAILORS. All this talk about London fads brings to m mind the much-discussed question of English clothing; rather the question of its cheapness as compared with the work of American tailors. I know many men who will not wear any but London-made garments, contending that their fit is superior, and I have heard many narrate how they have purchased clothing in London for from one-third to one-fourth the price which would be charged them by a Fifth avenue tailor. The first is a misconception, and the second a misrepresentation. Our fashignable tailors are equal in skill to their English brethren, and the man who buys his clothing in London for one-fourth of what it cost him here, is laboring under the delusion that every tailor in the British capital is a maker of fine attire. The fact is that he has walked into some London establishment which ranks as high as a Bowery clothier in New York, and has bought a lot of cheap goods for a slight decrease below Bowery prices.

It must be confessed, however, that the finest English clothing, made by such men as Poole, Whitaker and Hill, can be bought for about 40 per cent lower than the same grade of goods in this city. Practical experience has taught me that a dress suit which here would cost \$10, will be made by Poole for \$50, and that the latter will charge \$10 for a pair of trousers which a fashionable New York tailor would demand \$18 for. That is about the relative range of prices. There is not near so much difference in hats and shoes.

MONEY TALKS EVERYWHERE. ors. I know many men who will not wear any

MONEY TALKS EVERYWHERE.

difference in hats and shoes.

MONEY TALKS EVERYWHERE.

There is much foolish talk indulged in concerning these same English tailors. I have heard it stated, and seen it printed that they will not make clothing even for cash for anyone who does not bring a letter of introduction from some distinguished customer of theirs; that, in fact, they will not accept the patronage of anyone who tenders cash payments, such persons being considered mercenarily vulgar. This is all nonsense. True, they are much more lenient than their American brethren in the matter of credit. All the fashionable English tailors give at least one year credit. But money talks the world over, and the men who offer cash to Poole, are not only heartily welcomed, but are given 15 per cent discount on their bill, and in addition to this, bear in mind that by cash is meant 30 days' credit.

The English tailor must for years, I imagine, be a factor in our lives, for, shake your heads though you may, our dress customs come through his hands. No American tailor has ever had the audaoitty to suggest anything distinctive for American dress. All of his craft wait for the English plates before putting shears into cloth. Of course, in these days of quiet dressing, the changes in the styles of clothing from one season to another are almost undiscernible and are chiefly due to the tailor's determination to keep men of fashion continually purchasing new garb, whether needed or not. We don't go to Paris for our fashions—I men the men don't—because the French are too fashy, too pronounced, too theatrical in their styles. They have the same fault our actors have, and for that same resson men of the stage are, as 3 rule, the worst-dressed

promenaders on Broadway. They look like walking advertisements of their profession. I don't include in this criticism such quietly attired actors as Ecoth and Jefferson and Florence, but the exceptions to the rule are few. They and everyone else should bear in mind that an exaggerated fashion is no fashion at all. Fur and Frolic Abound.

THE PUTEBURG DEPANCE SUNDAY, JULY 14 1889

IN AN ANCIENT CITY.

Palace of the President of Mexico-The Government Pawnshop-A Mexican Funeral-Typical Street Scenes -A Street Mountebank.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. CITY OF MEXICO, July 1 .- To-day I found myself under the shadow of the President's palace. The Deacon tells me that this ground, as well as that occupied by the palace, was bestowed by Montezuma upon his guest, Cortes, and that it remained in the family of the voluntary dones for several centuries. It was gratifying to find something which that redoubtable freeboote had not stolen, but condescended to accept The Deacen tells me also that the historian, it treating of this miraculously born individual says: "As he developed somewhat of archness and duplicity, he was deemed best fitted for the profession of the law." Certainly he satis-fied the forecast of his progenitors, although he found it essential to abandon the law that

fied the forecast of his progenitors, although he found it essential to abandon the law that he might become successful in villainy. From the site of this palace Montezuma was accustomed to take a boat for Chapultepec. We traversed the route in a street car.

Crossing the street and winding in and out among the peddlers, I find myself in the shadow of the colonnade along the south side of the plaza. The rags, the dirt and the odors are here, but there is some relief in the colors. The stores are devoted principally to drygoods and other wares affected by the black-eyed, black-garmented, veil-decked maids and matrons. There are several second-hand book stalls in the shadow of the Refugio, and there are treasures here, no doubt, if one were learned enough.

Wandering on until opposite the Cathedral, one encounters a sentinel or two, and looking up, discovers the sign of the Government pawn shop. I have heard of it; it is set down as one of the places to visit, but it looks like a very ordinary establishment for the display of second-hand goods. It is curious, perhaps, in that it is fostered by the Government. The file of showcases, with all sorts of jewelry, from the plated scarf pin to diamonds, has attractions for certain of the natives, who line the long row from end to end. They seem to find an interest in gazing at the mementoes of disappointed vanity and hopes, cager for the trinkets which, if acquired, will surely work their way back to these quarters, as they did from the original owners. These relies of a petty grandeur that has been kicked by poverty and has gone to seed, do not inspire one with pleasant emotions, and I walk out to the shelter of the trees in the Cathedral park and for a sight of the flower market.

The discordant strains of the widest collection of musical instruments that ever delighted the soul of a barbarian, mingle with the other noises of the plaza while I am enjoying the flowers.

A MEXICAN PUNERAL. Looking round I discovered a Mexican funeral. First came four cargadores bearing the remains; one of these fellows staggers fearfully, either through exhaustion or the effects of pulque, and I expect each moment to see him slip from under his share of the burden and the precious remains spilled in the street. A man bearing a red banner comes next, then a straggling mob of 50 tatterdemalions, one of whom bears upon his back a jolly legless brother, and then follows the band, every felwhom hears upon his back a joby legiess brother, and then follows the band, every fellow blowing, scraping or pounding away as his individual taste dictates. The prime object seemed to be to make as much noise as possible. The rabble that constituted the array were pleasantly hilarious rather than serious, hut each one who possegsed a sombrero doffed it as he passed the Cathedral. Had it not been for the coffin on the shoulders of the porters I should have concluded that a beggars' carnival was in progress. The street cars are usually brought into service on these occasions, and why this was made an exception I did not learn. The heirs of the deceased may have been too poor to adopt the prevailing method, or it may have been a resort to the original order, growing out of the reverence for ancient customs. The Mexican does not come out of the rut trodden by his ancestors if he can possibly help it.

The funeral moving out of sight I return by the colonnade on the west and, avoiding the market, reach the portal of the hotel to watch the wayfarers. A young Mexican on a sleek pony rides up and halts near by; his saddle is gorgeous in silver, his feet incased in patent leather shoes, his trousers, with a silver stripe down each leg, are not new, but his sombrere might be worth \$50. An urchin with an empty

leather shoes, his trousers, with a silver stripe down each leg, are not new, but his sombrere might be worth \$50. An urchin with an empty basket hanging on his head as naturally as any American lad would wear it, seeing a medio real in sight steps up briskly; the young man leaves the pony in his charge. When the owner comes out be adds to the lad's reward, and does it pleasantly, so that another happy smile lights up his face. I notice, too, among these passengers something like an exhibition of regard for each other; there is no jostling and good-natured salutations are exchanged until one wonders if all this mass of humanity is made up of common acquaintances, whether is made up of common acquaintances, whether it is the sympathy of poverty or a general ami-ability. Perhaps all these elements may be credited with helping to make up the cheerful

A STREET MOUNTERANK. Coming from the pulque shops on the oppo site corner is a rather rough looking citizen bareheaded and gesticulating earnestly while he talks to himself. Seeing me he evidently concludes that I am in quest of something in he talks to himself. Seeing me he evidently concludes that I am in quest of something in his power to bestow upon me. He stops and begins to entertain me with a speech. I cannot very well respond, and he takes my silence as a sign of resignation and warms up with his subject. Some of the passersby become interested and stop, so that soon we have quite an assemblage. At times I fancy that the orator, who continues to make me the special object of his remarks, is becoming violently personal; he cicaves the air with threatening gestures and I find myself looking him in the eye. The policeman on the corner is favoring our locality with an occasional glance. At an exclamation a little more vehement than any of its predecessors I detect smiles on the swarthy faces about us and am impressed with the belief that I am being complimented. The landiord puts in an appearance at this juncture, and listening for a moment, says a few words to my entertainer, who then insists on embracing me, but contents himself with offering to shake hands and going away finally ungratified. Did the landiord know what the man was talking about? The man was drank. I was fully aware of it, but what was he talking about? He was welcoming me to Mexico, offering me the free run of the city and himself as the most obliging of hosts.

COMMON SENSE IN DIFF

COMMON SENSE IN DIET. You May Survive Youthful Gorging, bu Beware in Your Old Age. Quarterly Review.

There is in human nature infinite diversity of power and endurance in the general and nervous energy, and in digestion and assimilation; and a man of high-strung nervous tem-perament, hearing a temperance orator de-scribing the effects of alcohol, might cap it all by similar effects of alcohol, might cap it all by similar effects of tac, "the cup that cheers and not inebriates." Even the faculty seldom appear to recognize the injurious results of this refreshing beverage. The poet Cowper seems to have been its slave and victim. Coloridge abused its use and took to landanum. The "English opium eater" well describes its bad results. The Chinese as a nation are tead-frisk ers and addicted to the other subtle drug. The intervolvance of tea is evidence of its submits of the contract of tea is evidence of its submits of the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits of the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits of the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits. While the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits of the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits of the voluries of tea is evidence of its submits. The chinese one man is injured by excessive easing than by excess in alcoholist and aid of those who need converges by excessive easing than by excess in alcoholist and aid of those who need converges ment and aid of those who need converges of the voluries of tea is evidence of its injured by excessive easing than by excess in alcoholist and aid of those who need converges of the voluries of the problems of the voluries of the by similar effects of tea, "the cup that cheers and not inebriates." Even the faculty seldom

AT AN IRISH FAIR, Where Scenes of Confusion, Courting

THE ONSLAUGHT BY THE BUYERS

Gallantly Resisted by the Sellers and Their Valiant Wives.

HUMOR OF IRISH WEDDINGS AND WAKES From our Traveling Commissio ATHLONE, IRELAND, July 1 .- For the purposes of illustration there is as little diference between the Irish fair and the Irish market day as there could be found between "a rale drop of the right sort" and "a drop of the rale right sort," which from time immemorial has been inseparable from the proper conduct of either. The actual differ-ence is this: The Irish fair, whether held at the little village in Donegal or Kerry, or attended by thousands, as at Ballinasloe, Athlone, Cork, Belfast or Dublin, is an aftair for the display and sale of animals only -horses, cattle, asses, pigs, sheep, goats, and occasionally poultry. Perhaps 80 Irish towns and cities hold from one to four fairs

each year. Some are for the sale of one class of animals only-of hogs, as at Limerick or Athlone; of cattle, as at Ballinasloe; of horses, as at probably the greatest annual horse fair in the world, that of Dublin; or as at Cushendun, for the exclusive sale of the noted Cushendal ponies, bred on the heathery mountains of Antrim, overlooking the weird and stormy Irish Sea. But at most of the Irish fairs all animals bred in Ireland are exposed for sale; at many others farm products may be found; while the great butter fairs of Cork would almost give one the notion that half the world's butter was made in the sunny vales

of Ireland's South.

The market day, on the other hand, is universal and interminable affair. Hardly a day has passed in my nearly a year in Ireland when I have not come upon some town or village in my trampings where the fair or the market was in full progress.

GOING TO THE FAIR. Whatever trifle the tenant family may have for disposal on market or fair day, the entire family accompanies it. The old mountain-but of a cart is got out and spar-ingly greased the night before; the ragged ingly greased the night before; the ragged donkey or illy kept horse is given an extra portion of food and additional combing and scraping, that his old bones may gain new luster; and long before daybreak, from mountain boreen and mist-hidden valley, chattering groups begin moving toward the village. "The childer dear" are stowed away alongside the pigs, ducks, chickens or vegetables, for the common excitement has kept them awake all night; and now, over the stoniest of Irish roads, they are "slapein" rings around their swate selves:" the youths rings around their swate selves;" the youths may be trudging hopefully alongside; but the "ould woman" and "ould man" are ever found lovingly humped together upon the only seat the cart affords, often agreeably exchanging puffs from the same comforting pipe. But step with me here beside the way near the town, and see the motley crew constantly augmented in number from every by-way lane and intersecting road. What a queer, kindly lot they are. Here are "the byes," edging along in concentric groups, settling questions of neighborhood moment in tremendous though friendly harangue and dispute. Every manner of cart drawn and dispute. Every manner of cart drawn by every manner of animal, but chiefly by rebellious donkeys, and all piled with every manner of Irish produce and humans, clatter and rattle through the misty morning—carts with sheep bleating piteously, with geese craning their necks in viciously-hissed interrogation; with goats and kids lamenting in pathetic altos and trebles:

with pigs springing on all-fours from side to side while snorting violent protest and surprise; and you will notice, as you must all over Ireland, that the Irish pig roasts a pink in color that vies with the most radiant flush of the rarest sea-shell. All along the way are old men, humped and severe, admitting and rotesting and rotesting and roles. admitting and protesting in ethics and poli-tics with other calm old men who argue, a priori, in the blandest and most convincing

SWEET IRISH LASSIES. There are maidens, too, straight as a Croagh Patrick fir, glancing with those entrancing Irish eyes, smiling with those ruby Irish lips, and setting the lads wild with that most delicious of all rhodomontade, the lovable blarney of the musical Irish the lovable blarney of the musical Irish tongue; while the great packages of yarn they carry without effort would break an American woman's back completely. Not far from them ever are the old, old women with braideen-covered baskets on their backs. These contain a few cones of butter, a brace of fowls may be, a dozen or so eggs, or any other product of the holding or their labor that may "bring a few pence the day;" but old or young, they are knitting away vigorously in time to step and gossip; and all still, old or young, with their shoes slung across their shoulders, or hidden in the baskets; for they are saving them until the edge of the village is reached, where a brush from a wivp of dewy grass will make them shine from their late greasing, and them shine from their late gressing, and their owners will walk proudly into the fair with their shapely teet hidden from the gaze of men, in brogans that

"Wud harm an insulter, Or bate a deal table, With murtherin' power While their owners wor able!"

It is eatch-as-catch-can at an Irish market or fair. The first upon the ground is best served as to location. At the village mar-ket there is no attempt at system or arrange-ment; and the market place itself is never a covered structure, but simply a large walled inclosure along the principal street, with gates like a castle, with walls of enormous height and thickness as though attacks from battering rams were apprehended, and usually it is surrounded, at least on three sides, by the quaintest structures, village homes, inns, groggeries and shops, furnishing as picturesque scenes as the excited group within the inclosure. From the marke gates there extend in every direction tempo

ice once broken, buying begins in earnest, and higher and higher rise shrill volces, often added in pitch and intensity by John Barleycorn, who is ever the real master of ceremonies bereis ever the real master of ceremonies here, until one would think murder must follow the excited dickerings. Buyers thrash the air with their whips, and pour fearful objurations on the poor animals and their owners; while the latter aided by their valiant wives pay back the flerce blackguarding with rich interest. The "luck-penny," which goes with each single beast or group of animals sold is shrieked over as though it were the value all the market holds. The lesser sellers crowd around and "rise their voices" lugubriously. Ever one has drank enough to be interested in every other person's affairs.

MAKING GOOD BANGANS.

MAKING GOOD BARGAINS.

Sales are now rapidly made, "dirtying the caping hog drives through the forest of legs madly, often giving old ladies and young en-forced aerial experiences amid shouts of laughter; the hurdy-gurdies blare; candy sellers madly, often giving old ladies and young enforced aerial experiences amid shouts of laughter; the hurdy-gurdies blare; candy sellers roar; pipers add to the universal din; the young people crowd the dancing spaces and beat the turf or improvised floors amid whoops and yells; and the whole place until the evening comes is a wild conglomerate of commotion, laughter, yelling and rude but good-natured enjoyment, which for unrestrained heartiness and unqualified decency is something delicious and wonderful to behold. Irish literature is full of the Irish shillelagh and broken heads. It is untrue of these people as I have seen them; for at over 150 fairs and market day scenes I have visited, I never yet saw a human being harmed save by whisky, and that was the "heartsome sthroke" they loved.

I think that weddings among the Irish peasantry are a natural sequence of fairs and market days. Courting among the Irish has many drawbacks. It is absolutely unknown at mass, or within the solemn confines of any religious ceremony. There is still a queer old custom extant down in the south of County Kerry. It is called "shrafting," from Shrove, or Shraft Tuesday. All the marriageable girls and boys get together clad in their most attractive attire, and "look each over for the love their is in it." Fathers and mothers are near by to grimly adjust the terms of union if matchea happen to be made on "shraftday," as many happy ones are. But as a rule the Irish peasant lad and lass rely on the more favorable conditions which the freedom, general excitement and good humor of market days provide. But the keen-eyed father and mother are never quite out of the way even there, and the moment the fires of love are lighted, the heads of the respective families hold solemn conclaves to atrange settlements all around. If this is not adjusted satisfactorily, that must be the end of that affair. If it is, there must be "a brave little av coortin." Execution follows with wonderful rapidity in either case. The wedding itself must perforce be an h

SOMETHING ABOUT WAKES. One naturally speaks of the Irish "wake" with feelings of hesitancy. Yet I think any kindly-hearted person should put aside their ignorant or educated prejudice regarding the Irish peasantry, and endeavor to know the Irish thought, feeling and purpose behind the fact. That is a good way to do about anything the property of the Presentation.

fact. That is a good way to do about anything we may not happen to like. Every priest in Ireland has thundered anathemas against the wake. The church has sought in every possible manner to exterminate the custom. But the Irish heart clings with stubborn tenacity to all customs which are the outgrowth of affectionate regard. Many believe the wake to be Irish, but it is of Greek origin; and similar customs to this day prevail in remote provincial parts of England. I have thought upon and visited wakes extendedly in Ireland, and while not defending them, my own notions are much changed. It is wrong to condemn the Irish as unfeeling for the occasional apparent irreverence of the wake. On the contrary, gant wake?" expresses the feelings of those who live for what they have set their hearts upon at death. They long for even this poor sign of their neighbors' regard, even if they should make a slip and not quite deserve it. They are also a wonderfully tender-hearted people, and gather in the house of the dead exclusively with the sympathetic purpose and feeling of "rising the heart" of those who mourn.

exclusively with the sympathetic purpose and feeling of "rising the heart" of those who mourn.

Repulsive as this may seem to us, unaccustomed to these scenes, there is still a human practicality and beneficence in the custom; and if the kend, or wailing for the dead, be now and then varied by a little jollity and courting, even that is the outcome of a natural law not altogether unforgivable or wholly to be condemned. For my own part I began looking into the matter of Irish wakes with a good deal of American airiness and suseriority; but hoon attending several some boybood memories returned of where, in my own loved countryside region, very excellent Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist folk "watched" at the houses of the dead, counting it no sin that among the young there was occasional mirth and often the first kindling of the fires of love; and somehow, for one, while not approving of the Irish wake any more than you, I have been so touched by the true manifestations of grief, and simple efforts to cheer those in dolor and misery, that I cannot find it in my heart to wholly coudemn what is prompted in the tenderest spirit of the sympathetic human heart.

EDGAR I. WAKEMAN.

One Way to Pay Postage

Detroit Free Press,1 "Please, sir, give me a stamp," she said at the ostoffice window the other day.
"Here it is, little girl," said the clerk as he raked in two pennies and passed it out. She took it and walked directly to the mailing boxes and dropped it into one of the slits.
"Here—what did you do that for?" called the clerk.
"Please, sir, but I dropped a letter in yester-day without any stamp on it, and that's to make up for it."

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

THE late Oliver Ditson left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen mil-lions wouldn't house half or them. REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D., of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has presented his resignation, to take effect August I, that he may accept the appointment to the training school for missionaries and evangelists in Boston.—Mid Continent.

THE number of converts in the Japan mission of the American Board has increased in 15 months from 4,226 to 7,089, a gain of 2,807. This is the most remarkable record in any mission connected with the board, with the exception of the great gathering in the Sandwich Islands. RELIGION does not need to be insured, for it is not a perishable commodity. But some of the names and symbols which represent it are as fragile as glass. We must not fall into the error of identifying a church window with the light that falls through it.—Christian Reg-ister.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." We are to live for some one else! To put down selfishness! We pamper our own wishes; envy the good of neighbors—and are jealous, discontented, peevish, unkind! This is all to be reversed! We are to put ourselves in the place of another. To think with his thought, from his standpoint.—Church News, Duluth.

"THE wrath of God" is a purase that frequently occurs in the Bible, and as there need quently occurs in the Bible, and, as there used, is far from being a meaningless purase. What it represents is His pure and absolute disapproval of moral evil, and His purpose of punishment in the absence of repentance and faith in Christ. God himself has a moral nature, and is a holy being, and is necessarily opposed to sin. Those who think otherwise of Him have false views of the great Jehovah,—The Independent,

In Canton, China, with its 1,500,000 inhabitance and formation of the content of the con

"Even Christ pleased not himself." We ar

ants, are 15 Christian chapels, where mission-aries and the native ministers preach the gospel, not on Sunday only, but daily, and from two to four hours each day, to audiences varytwo to four hours each day, to audiences varying from 50 to several hundred. After the serious from these evangelists continue the services. Free conversations and discussions follow; rooms are at hand for private conferences, and Christian books and tracts are kept in readiness and disposed of in large numbers. The preaching hails are thronged during the hottest months—July, August and September—and from moon till 30'clock—the hottest part of the day. Tens of thousands of visitors to the city have heard the gospel in these chapels and halls, and have carried it hundreds of miles into the interior. The dialect used by most of the missionaries in preaching is the Punti, or pure Cantonese, by which they have access to 20,000,000 of people.—Missionary Review. SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

BY A CLERGYMAN. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

"For none of us liveth unto himself," writes the great apostle. There is a broad and general law underlying this statement. No matter who or what we are, as members of the human family we live, are compelled bastes" sold, or rubbing mud on their haunches to so distinguish them, and driving them from the grounds creates constant commotion: cartloads of pigs are dumped, amid deafening porkers' shricks, from the farmers' carts into carts of the buyers, whose donkeys are pounded and rushed through the crowds vociferously; an escaping hog drives through the forest of legs. controlling purpose in life may be the gaining riches, wearing honors, enjoying pleasures. Yet, strive as we may, we cannot live unto ourselves, or within ourselves. We touch our bi-And this interplay of interests calls us out of ourselves and unites each to all and all to each. The law which thus governs human life is that of influence; which may be defined as our common power by our thoughts or words or deeds to affect others and win them to adopt deeds to affect others and win them to adopt our way of thinking or speaking or acting.

That some people are influential, all acknowledge. Who would dream of questioning the influence of the Bussian Czar, who governs 100,000,000 subjects, or of the British Queen, whose drum-beat follows the sunrise around the globe? So, too, everyone knows that the society Dons and Donnas, the money holders, the purveyors of amusement to mankind are touching the world daily with various and titante fingers.

It is not as readfly perceived, but it is equally true, that the humblest man or woman is a King or Queen; that we all form the center of some circle: that every one is an important character in the estimation of somebody—the most important, perhaps; that there are those who look to us for support or happiness, and who quote us and imitate us; whom, in a word, we influence.

A Tremendous Force.

If it be true that each man and woman is indeed magnetic with attractive power, an elec-tric motor, on two feet, then it becomes vital to guard and adjust this prodigious force. It would be as safe to permit dynamite cartridges to lie around loose, or to string uninsolated electric wires through the public streets within electric wires through the public streets within touching distance of the sidewalk, as to allow human beings who are movable batteries of influence to run a-muck without self-knowledge, self-control, or the ability to direct their influence to wholesome and helpful ends.

Reader, know thyself. Recognize thy power for good or evil. Exert thyself for the one and against the other. Live so near to truth, in such intimacy with the divine, that unconsciously the whalt make thyself felt for the giory of God and the good of men. When Lord Peterbosough, a noted English infldel, lodged for a season with Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, he was so delighted with his unaffected piety and virtue that he exclaimed at parting: "If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

Parents and teachers should instruct the young in this matter, making them aware from the start of their influential power and making them feel their responsibility for its proper exercise. Coleridge in his "Table Talk," speaks of a friend (type of a class) whose theory was that young minds should not be influenced before reaching years of discretion, when they might form their own opinions. One day he took occasion to exhibit to this man his little dooryard calling it his botanical garden. "I hold it as precious," said he.

"Why sof" asked his friend: "It is all covered with weeds."

"Oh," replied Coleridge, "that is because the land has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. I thought it unfair to prejudice the garden toward roses and strawberries, but meantime the weeds have taken the liberty to grow." ouching distance of the sidewalk, as to allow

Science and Religion. When one stands and looks at a steam engine, smoothly working and accomplishing mighty results, the discovery is soon made that the ponderous energy is under perfect control. Hidden away there among the rods and piston and levers and gauges and valves and cylinder

and governs the massive and heady whole. Mau is a machine. He is stored with power, and athrob with it. His appetites and passi are the motors that operate him. These work toward self-gratification, indifferent to any and all other interests. Multiply one man by thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, and we have the community; composed of these machine units, each, in a state of nature, working away for individual wealth, pleasure, ambition, heedless of the common good. Nay, each manmachine is at odds with itself. For goodness is opposed to evil; feeling is opposed to thought; proclivity is opposed to conscience; selfishness is opposed to generosity. The clatter and racket would disturb Bedlam. Titanic power is visible, but it is power unadjusted and without control. This is why man is a movable chaos; and why society is the arena of bitterness and strife.

chaos; and why society is the arena of bitterness and strife.

Now, the crowning merit of religion is that it supplies the human machine with a competent regulator. The name of this regulator is love. When this is inserted and adjusted the discordant elements are put under control. They still exist—eles there would be death. But they no longer work wildly and in antagonism to each other within the individual and to all others outside of him, but, like the glant steam, are subdued to servicable uses. They thunder on for the glory of God and for the benefit of the world. As before man is a reservoir of power, but an angel of beneficence. He is in harmony with himself, with his fellows and with his Maker.

but an angel of beneficence. He is in harmony with himself, with his fellows and with his Maker.

"In accord" writes a thoughtful scholar, "with the very latest and most important deduction of modern science that the seventy odd elements of matter are flually resolvable into two, and possibly one: it should be the province of the religious man to show that all the virtues that make homes beautiful and patriotism sacred and bravery renowned and fidelity in manhood and womanhood an eternal honor—all the fruitings of the spirit are but various manifestations of the one primary and eternal substance of Divine lovers of that between them all he shall see no disputations rivairies, but a universal drawing and cohesion, their different compoundings in different souls serving only to make the world more glorious and benignant; diversides of operations, but the same God working all in all."

Who will not pray and labor to obtain for himself and for his fellow that omnipotent regulator?

Knowledge Not Always Wealth.

The announcement that the family of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the popular English naturalist, whose books and lectures have been so much enjoyed, is left almost penniless, has led to the publication of surprising facts in regard to other popular persons. The English pension list, to which special attention has been called by the Society of Authors, among those receiving grants recently on account of "indigent circumstances," includes the names of Sir John Steell, the artist, of Miss Gordon Cumming, of Mr. John Bell, the scuiptor, of three daughters of Principal Tullogh, of three sisters of John Leech, the famous caricaturist, and of the widow of Prof. Balfour Stewart. It is almost incredible that the talent indicated by such names has not carned a moderate competence.

Some Bunday Thoughts. NATURE is but the name for an effect whose cause is God-Murphy.

PRAYER is the key of the day and the lock of the night.—Lord Berkley.

REMORSE is the echo of a lost virtue.—Se-A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in

other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.-Pope. PERFECTION is made up of trifles; but perfection is not a trifle.-Michael Angelo. A WELL-KNOWN pastor states that he spent an afternoon in climbing the tenement stairs of Edinburgh. The squalor was appalling. He saw only sin and misery and death. Never was be so sick at heart. Never did his faith rewas he so steat a heart. Sever did his rath receive so great a blow. For the moment he was
tempted to exclaim: "There is no God." Soon,
in the very midst of this hell he heard a note
of faith—a child was singing. At once the
cloud lifted, the heaven opened, and Christ
spoke.—Rev. W. F. Taylor.

N a silence awful and confounding. Deep as the stillness with which night comes down, Dumb as a Sphinx her problem still propound ing. Death now hath swept our loved and loving

one.

If a sign to our inquiring could be given,
If for a moment slience could be broken.
O could but a single word be spoken!

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

Home Cracking.

Address communications for this departs to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine, 659-A DOMINO PUZZLE. E REMICA K W I W X

A B D D MA 0 | S | E | H | O | T | W S VE MOTH

S EL NO WH W ES WO RD

Cut out 28 pieces of card-board the size and shape of dominoes, and write letters on them shape of dominoes, and write letters on them as shown above. (Or lettered pieces of paper may be pasted on the ends of common dominoes, selecting the seven "blanks" for the pieces in the first column.)

The puzzle is to make the greatest possible number of words at one arrangement of the pieces, placing them end to end. This is illustrated below.

T H E CARE E. W. HARRIS.

660-DAILY HAPPENINGS. We are daily occurring; who will give us a name? Reaching backward or forward, we still are the same. Some are open to all, some are hidden from

view; Some are cruel and false, some are tender and We are filling your moments from morning till night; We are writing your character, somber or bright. Showing plainly your motives, revealing your choice— All these are divulged by your doings or voice.

Some of us are deemed worthless, unsanotioned by law;
And some are contested in search of a flaw;
And the plannings of some who are now with
the dead, estrangement and hardness and quarrels

You will meet us again, we are leaving a track, And memory, faithful, will often to back; Past, present and future will give the amount For which you must all at last give account. CLAMOR.

661-NUMERICAL MIND READING. "I say, Jones," said Perkins, "I understand that you are blooming out in the mind-reading

that you are blooming out in the mind-reading line?"

"Well," replied Jones, modestly, "I am doing something in numerical mind-reading,"

"Numerical mind-reading, eh? Read a number a fellow's thinking about, I suppose?"

"That's about the size of it," answered Jones, "For instance, think of a number."

Perkins did as he was told.

"Multiply it by 121."

Perkins borrowed Jones' pencil and performed the operation suggested.

"Now, erase the first figure of the answer, and tell me the balance of the answer."

"The balance of the answer is 4.563," and Perkins, after he had drawn his pencil through the first figure.

Jones thought for a minute, and then gave the erased figure correctly.

What was it? And how did he find it?

J. H. FEZANDIE

662-ANAGRAM. Sand Trip Led Home. Whole was the name that charmed the ear Of Israel's mighty fold; And thrill with joys untold.

When through the deep the journey led, Or coursed the burning sand, 'Twas sweetest word was ever heard By Israel's wandering band. When sorrow's trials sore oppressed, And clouds bedimmed the day, But raise the fold, you hills of gold, Would scatter night away.

At last the children reached their home, And so, dear friends, may we, But rest our eyes on yonder skies, And fight for victory.

CAL AUDO.

There is grain now on the barn floor, and grain is running on at a uniform rate. Six men can clear the floor in one bour, but 11 men clear it in 20 minutes. In what time can four man clear it?

A. B. OY.

664-DECAPITATION. A friend of mine once gave to me A faithful hunting dog; He searched for game where e'er 'twas hid, In marsh or wood or bog. One day when I was in high rage.

A word to him I said; He came to me: I seized a knife, And then cut off his head, As soon as this bad deed I'd done, I realized my sin;
I turned my head away from him,
How wicked I must have been.

And when I turned and looked again,
My poor dog wasn't there:
But what I saw was just a bird,
Which rose into the air.
FRANK.

665-DIAMOND.

1. In Pennsylvania. 2 The nave of a church, (Obs.) 3. Rises and looks over a hiding or intervening object. 4. To prognosticate, 5. (Min.) Acicular ore of bismuth. 6. (Min.) A mineral of the zeolite faunily. 7. A province in the northern part of the Netherlands. 8. (Law.) The keeping of an ale-house by the officer of a forest, and drawing people to spend their money for liquor through fear of his displeasure. 8. A small drain. (Prov. Enz.) 10. The object aimed at, in an effort, considered as the close and effect of exertion. 11. In New York.

CAL ANDO.

666-NUMERICAL The total grows beside the brook, That through the meadow winds along, And there, well armed with line and hook, I fish, and sing my rural song.

1, day by day I there resort
And see the bride 5-3-2-4
Up to the tree tops, for their sport,
While I lie prone upon the shore. O rustic ways inspire new life In college boys, from books set free; But then vacation has an end. And they resume their drudgery.

ANSWERS. 651.—The Cadi loaned a camel to the brothers, and bade them divide the twenty: ten to Hamet; five to Selim, and four to Murad. By so doing, they found they had the borrowed one left, which they returned to the lender.

653—Carpet: 1, carp; . car: 3, cart; 4, care; 4, cape; 6, cat; 7, cape; 8, crape; 9, caret. 658.-M ATRES 5